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Clocktowers: Grand Robbery



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crime

22 0 2

Chapter 1 by thatjacktansley

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This story is set in London, and London alone. Please keep currency consistent and use GBP (£).

The slow trickles of rain dribbled down the window of the high-rise hotel and down onto the streets below. The faded purple sign on the front of the hotel flickered. A rocking chair was in the grey and green apartment. On the chair, a toy bear sat. Footsteps rang out in the echoing room. A young girl walked in, picking up the bear then sitting down. Click. The door behind her slid open, and a man dressed head to toe in black walked into the room.

"I'm home from work, Felicia," he said as drops of blood dripped from his nose and mouth. He hooked his hat onto a peg and headed into the kitchen. He stirred a teabag into some water, looking out over the grim sights of 2072 London. Skyscrapers littered the city and the sky was made up of black smog from factories. He walked back into the living space, sitting in a recliner and placing his tea onto the ebony coffee table.

The man was named Robert Vengeful. His appearance was nothing spectacular. He had a smooth ginger quiff and a short, yet curly ginger beard - tinted even more red by the blood. He

was a middle-aged man with a face of one or two wrinkles. His daughter, Felicia was similar in appearance to her father. She had her hair pulled up into a ponytail and down to the center of her back, between

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Outside, in the stormy weather, a cloaked figure was seen dashing across the rooftops. He hopped from each one quickly, yet flashily - his black and silver coat whipping up behind him, then back down. He clicked his heels and two blades slid out his shoes. He hooked them onto a wire, then grinded across the rails. Two men followed. They were chasing him. The cloaked man clicked his heels again, the blades retracted. He crashed through the clock face of Big Ben, the glass shards spraying around him. Again, the two men followed. The cloaked man was agile, he slid on his back under some gears then rolled back onto his feet, crashing through the clock face opposite. He went into free-fall as he jumped into the open...

A door opened. The purple sign of the hotel flickered, then shut off. The cloaked man was on the 34th floor of the hotel. A tall man greeted him. "Good evening, Mr Griffin,"

"No time to explain. I'm being chased, the cops want me!" Griffin said. The tall man obeyed, drawing a Super Redhawk revolver from his pocket. The cloaked man slid a card through a scanner, then punched in a 4-digit code.

"Four... One... Eight... Two..." he said to himself, before a bookcase slid to the side, revealing a door. The bookcase slid back as he walked through the door.

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

Three shots were fired, then a scream. The two men in pursuit of Griffin were on the floor, one bleeding from the chest and abdomen - the other from the head. The tall man slid the revolver back into his pocket. He crouched and looted the bodies. Two wallets, each with £52 and 45p. Nothing of value was found other than the money. The tall man walked back into his position by the door, closing it.

Back in the hotel room, Griffin had entered.

"Hello, Gregory," Robert said, placing his cup of tea on the table. Griffin replied -

"I got something of value. A silver ingot from the Bank of England on Threadneedle Street."

Robert inspected the ingot, picking it up and rubbing his hands on it.

"Good find," Robert said.

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Gregory Griffin was a man of 24 years of age, his appearance was largely unknown to anyone outside of London's largest crime syndicate - Clocktowers. He wore a black top hat with a

medium diameter brim and a black scarf that draped below his waist. He wore a long black cloak with silver stitching on his torso, with a white turtleneck beneath that. He wore black jeans on his lower body, with several belts strapped around his waist, holding hundreds of gadgets and weapons in them. He was a jack-of-all-trades. His face was mostly concealed, but of what could be seen was black hair that curled at the ends, piercing green eyes and pale white skin.

Outside, beside the sight of the robbery, policemen surrounded the bank - rummaging the crime scene for evidence. The head of the police force - Quentin Creble - was there, inspecting the investigation. He turned from where he was standing and walked to the podium of where the ingot sat. The cashier was apparently in the process of a withdrawal of £2 when the ingot was stolen - though Quentin had other beliefs...

A man of average height and a woman were walking down the gloomy streets of London. The woman's raven hair was blown to the side by a strong gust of wind. She had blood on her hands and face, the man having the same. It looked as if they had just killed someone.

"Well. We killed someone," the woman said, wiping the blood from her hands on her grey coat. The man took out his phone, punching in a number on the keypad. 4182. The phone buzzed and he put it to his ear.

"Vengeful, sir. We have dealt with the target." the man said.

"In what way, Hitchcock?" Robert replied.

"Murder."

"Get down to the base, we'll get you two cleaned up."

The call ended, and Hitchcock turned into a small alleyway. He put a helmet on and sat on the seat of a motorcycle. The woman followed.

"Grange, we need to head back to the Shangri-La Hotel." Hitchcock said, turning his head to her.

"Way ahead of you." Grange replied. She gripped the handlebars of the bike, then kicked off, racing down the streets. Hitchcock kicked off as well, speeding off toward the Shard.

Sirens blared as a police car backed out of a cul-de-sac and gave chase. The lights flashed. Grange lifted her feet off the pedals, and turned to the side of the road as oncoming traffic

zoomed her way. She slid the wheels of the bike onto the pavement, then jammed into the wall. The wheels slipped into the brickwork, and she fell. She kicked the pavement, and she lifted off the ground and sideways into the air. The police car chased her. Hitchcock came up behind her, pulled up on the handlebars into a wheelie, then thumped the front wheel onto the boot of the police car. He

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picked up more speed, and sped up onto the police car. The momentum made from this, made him fly over the police car like a ramp. He drew a pistol from his pocket and fired at the police car. Grange was still on the wall. They reached Tower Bridge. Grange went off a pillar of the building like a ramp and landed on the bridge, skidding across the road. Hitchcock landed, still going ahead. The bridge opened up and Hitchcock and Grange both shot up the opening bridge. The policeman in the car pressed his foot onto the brake pedal and stopped at the opening bridge.

"They got away..." he said, thumped his fist onto the steering wheel. The airbag deployed.

"Mmmph!" muffled sounds were all that could be heard from the car.

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